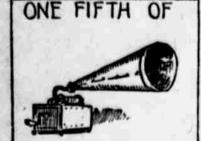
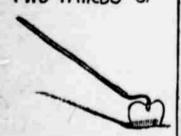
# THE EVENING WORLD'S PICTURE

(The New York Evening World). WHAT CAPITAL CITY IS THIS?



TWO THIRDS OF



ONE HALF OF

ONE HALF OF



Arrange together the indicated freee of the words the pictures repre-t until the letters spell the name

of until the letters spell the name of the capital city.

The city in Tuesday's puzzle was LEANY, capital of New York. One-alf of "eval," AL; ene-third of backet," EA; ene-fourth of "nest," It ene-third of "boy," Y.

The name of to-day's capital city of capital city.

and another puzzle will be printed in The Evening World next Saturday.

## Expert Opinion.

I late Henry Beach Needham. the flying expert who was killed ith Lieut. Warneford in e, was often consulted by aeroplane inventors.

An inventor from Seattle submitted dane model to the brilliant young expert last spring. Mr. Needham studied the model attentively for an Then he laughed and said: advise you, my friend, to try hand now at inventing a sub-

works for one of the belligerents."

"Yes?" said the inventor, puzzled.

"Yes," said Mr. Needham, "for, juding from this aeropiane model, I am convinced that a submarine designed by you would fly."—Washing-ten flier.



NO WHERE PLACE NO YETH PLAITH THIR TERSONALLY I CALL THEM WHISHERS

YOUNG MAN. HOW CAN YOU BE WALKING STRAIGHT AHEAD AND ET BE GOING NOWHERE



FLOOEY AND AXEL-Axel Is Now Wholly Converted to "the Cause!"

**以上的影响。** POOR IDIOT! CAN'T CHA SEE THIS IS NO PLACE TO TALK ABOUT WAR? THIS IS A "PEACE SHIP" AN' WANNA TALK ABOUT PERCE!

"'S'MATTER, POP!"







MARRIED LIFE-We Have a Hunch That Those Folks Overhead Are Going to Prove a Nuisance!

By Thornton Fisher

By Vic



80

FO





## FACT AND FICTION By Hazen Conklin

reight, 1915, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Eccoing World).

Shrill Feminine Voice—Well?

Youthful Masculine Voice—Grocer!

8. F. V.—Well, it's about time you showed up. Did you think I wanted Hoarse Masculine Voice—"Grirocer-House Masculine Voice—"Grirocer-Well?"

showed up. Did you think I wanted those things for breakfast? This is les!" when I'm all ready to sit down to the

trips. They's a dollar-eighty collect! 8. F. V.—No, you don't young man! SQUEEK-SQUEEK.

SQUEEK-SQUEEK. Those things were CHARGED and there's only ninety-eight cents worth. Y. M. V .- Borry, ma'am, but th' boas said COLLECT. He said not to let

you have no more without your payin' 8. F. V .- The idea! Why, I pay my bill every week. You take those things right back and don't you stand

there libelling me for the whole apartments to hear! Y M. V .- Ain't your name "Short,

Apartment 30?" 3. F. V .- No, my name ain't "SHORT"-It's LONG.

Y. M. V .- Well, ain't this Apartment 30, No. 8808 Umpty-third 8. F. V .- This is NOT. No. 8808 is

the apartments next door!

SLAM!
(Third-floor buzzer buzzes: BUZZ-ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ))
Nervous Feminine Voice—Who is it. Wholsit?

Thick, masculine voice—I-yus!
N. F. V.—Ice? Not to-night. Come in the morning.

Copyrists, 1915, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Erening World).

WHEN you say this is a funny world, don't overlook the fact that you also are in it and of it.

A RECORD

Of a line of assorted chatter that went up and down our dumbwaiter shaft about 6 o'clock P. M.

(Top floor buzzer buzzes: Buzz! buzz! buzz! buzz! buzz! buzz! buzz! Copyright Copyright

a fine time for you to be coming— & Co.?" Are you from Scales H. M. V .- "Yeah."

S. F. V .- "I told them I wanted Y. M. V.—There wus so many or-ders, ma'am, I hadda make three What's the matter with you people?"

H. M. V.—"Yeah?"

SQUEE.)

S. F. V.—"Look here, GROCER!"

H. M. V.—"Yeah?"

S. F. V.—"The onions aren't here!"

H. M. V.—"Yeah?"

S. F. V.—"Weil, where are they?

They're on the bill!"

H. M. V.—Yeah?

S. F. V.—When that second-floor woman stopped the dumbwaiter to put her milk bottles on did she take anything off?

H. M. V.—Yeah.

anything off?

H. M. V.—Yeah,
S. F. V.—Was it a package?
H. M. V.—Yeah
S. F. V.—Then it was my ONIONS:
That woman TOOK them. She's always having steak and onions. It comes up this shaft something awful.
She took my entons!"
H. M. V.—Yeah?
Wrathful Contraite Voice—No such thing! I never took your old ontons!

Wrathful Contraits Voice—No such thing! I never took your old ontons! Besides, they weren't onions; they were turnips, I took them off by mistake. I don't want your old turnips. You send down the dumbwaiter and I'll put them on!

BANG!

8. F. V.—That's right, grocer. Here are the onions. It's the touring that

Wholsit?

Wholsit?

Wholsit?

S. F. V.—That's right, grocer. Here are the onions. It's the turnips that are missing. Pull the dumbwalter down to her door and get them!

H. M. V.—Yeah,

SQUEEK - SQUEE, SQUEE - SQUEE

CHICA NAMED OF PRINCIPLE

# THE MOTHER GOOSE FAIRY BOOK



Bo-Feep and Boy Blue and Mary worked at making woolly sheep for Santa. Both maids loved Boy Blue, but none could discover which HE loved. Mother Goose rewarded her young men for gallantry, and up to this time Boy Blue had felt rather out of things, for Jack, Peter and others had honors, but he had none.

Now, it happened that because so many kiddies asked Santa for fly

ing machines and steel toys and automobiles, and Mother Goose's folks

knew nothing of making these things, that she had to send for experts in

this line. And a merry group of gnomes they were, to be sure, and when they had finished the first automobile they asked Mary and Bo-Peep to come for a ride. And this proved the real test of whom Boy Blue loved.



# By Eleanor Schorer



Page 25

CONTRACTOR STATE | CARBON WINDOWS COMMENT OF THE PARTY OF

A huge doll had to go immediately to reach a child in a far-away land by Christmas Day, and dolly had no shoes. Bo-Peep's fit her perfectly, so, not to disappoint the child, she gave her brand new, shiny slippers. Then Boy Blue became a gallant by carrying her all the way home, which made



pink bonnet and crisp petticoats as he bade her farewell and wished her a good time. But he frowned upon Mary and said: "Are you going out with these auto builders?" She said she was. "Well, you can do as you like," he said, "but if you go you need never speak to me again." Mary did not go and next evening Mary and Little Boy Blue were wed.

#### COLOR YOUR MOTHER GOOSE FAIRY BOOK And Compete for a Five Dollar Award.

THE EVENING WORLD will award \$5.00 to each of three young readers who submit the best colored pages of the "Mother Goose Fairy Book" complete from cover to concluding page.

\$5.00 Class A—Children not over five years of age. \$5.00 Class B—Children over five but not over ten. \$5.00 Class C—Children

over ten but not over fifteen.
You may use crayon or water colors. If you have missed any back pages, send a two-cent stamp to the Evening World for each page desired and they will be mailed you. The cover was printed Oct. 11.

Oct. 11.

The last page will be printed Dec. 18. Your book, complete, and every page colored, must be received not later than TUESDAY, DEC. 21. Address it to "Mother Goose Editor," Evening World, 63 Park Row, N. Y. City. Write your NAME, ADDRESS and AGE on a sheet of paper, pinned to the cover page. No beeks submitted in the contest will be returned.

### Cheering Christmas Gifts for Children in the New York City Hospitals.

All the "Mother Goose Fairy Books" received in the contest, that have been nicely and carefully colored, will be distributed by THE EVENING WORLD as CHRISTMAS GIFTS among the children in the hospitals in Greater New York.

Whether or not you win one of the awards, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your efforts have gone toward brightening CHRISTMAS for some child less happily situated than yourself.

was built through an obscure corner of the State of Texas where no railroads ever had the hardihood to venture before. On the day the first train ran over the line the engineer, pulling out from a small way station, discovered that a country boy was riding a horse between the rails a

short distance ahead. The engineer sounded his whistle again and again, but the rider only iashed his norse into a gallop and made no effort to turn off into the made no effort to turn oft into the farm lands which flanked the right of way. At the end of a mile-long chase the locomotive was so close upon the laboring horse that the cowcatcher aimost touched its hind hoofs. The pestered engineer leaned out of his cab window.

"You blamed idiot!" he yelled.

"Why don't you get off the track?"

Over his shoulder the frightened wokel flung back a desperate retort:

yokel flung back a desperate retort:

CONTRACTOR OF STREET

Sticking to the Track.

A former Congressman Martin you could ketch me in a minute.—

Saturday Evening Post.



ATLANTA, WHITBY,

1% in. high

Cheett, Peebody & Co., Inc.